A Story of the Civil War in Virginia.

By Prof. WM. J. DEWES.

(Continued from last week.)

"The shades of eve come slowly down, The bushwhackers were hospitable and suffered Melton to "bide a wee."

fully glad to see you."

"Sam Harding! Come here, Sam, You're The woods are wrapped in deeper brown."

Toward evening the lovers, free to go their way, strolled down the path leading to the Shenandoah Valley. Their environment was enchanting and their seclusion ideally romantic. Nature was arraying herself in all the colors of the flushing

year,
"In that soft season, when descending fit us. There will be a party of refugees Showers

Call forth the greens and wake the rising flowers."

Having gone some distance down the mountain side, they came to an embowered signed by Gen. Kelley. That pass will

retreat—and there they dreamed love's young dream and told the old, old story. Here I draw the curtain, leaving the reader to imagine what I cannot describe.

Early on the following morning when Aurora was painting the mountain with golden light, the lovers again sought their sylvan bower, where naugat broke the stillss save the birds in full song, and the tinkling of a fountain rill murmuring in unison with the subdued voices of two young people reaffirming their plighted troth—again telling the sweet old story. Melton had been warned that the camp must be broken up on that day and that he could tarry no longer; therefore, they visited the sequestered dell for the last time, where, if in the fullness of their hearts their voices should be hushed, the eyes could speak the gentle good-by.

A TRAGIC SCENE.

The lovers' tryst was a short distance beyond the sentry's station, and the sharp eye of Sue Harding was the first to descry impending danger. A body of Confederate soldiers was slowly winding up the moun-tain side. Instantly the lithesome damsel was on her feet and giving the signal cry of warning to the sentinel, further up the mountain. He in turn sent in the alarm to the camp. Then running forward to reconnoiter, he fired upon the head of the Confederate line advancing in single file. Instead of hastily retreating, the mountain heroine drew her ready revolver and fired several shots at the leading Confederate, who, however, was not yet within pistol range. The Confederates then fired two or three shots, one of which wounded the girl, who, with a faint cry fell into the arms of Melton. Tenderly laying her down on the grass and flowers, he endearingly sought to ascertain the nature and extent of the wound.

"It is nothing more than a flesh wound in my right arm," said the brave girl. Then, in the next breath she cried, "Fly, dearest, fly! The enemy will capture you. They are even now upon us. You can do me no good by remaining here. I shall fall their hands, but you must escape if

Seeing that he hesitated, she cried in a sharp voice, "I command you to fiy! If you love me, you will obey. We shall meet again; if not in this world, I know that we shall surely meet in the 'Brighter Land' beyond the stars."

The distracted lover pressed the fearless maiden to his heart, kissed her pale lips, and fied up the mountain, the Confederates sending several shots after him without effect.

THE BUSHWHACKERS DISPERSED.

The bushwhackers had delayed their departure too long, permitting themselves to be surprised. The surprise might have been more serious had not Sue Harding delayed the Confederate advance. Aston-ished at finding a beautiful young girl lying wounded in their pathway, they involuntarily halted to make inquiries and administer to her wants.

The bushwhacker Chieftain, however,

are familiar. Your wife and daughter will was a Federal garrison. He and his party be captured by the Confederates. They will not be harmed. You can go to them later. This is the last command I shall them critically, asking many questions. They were required to write their ever give you. May God be with you till names in a register, noting their places of we meet again. Mrs. Harding, go to your daughter. You will need each other. Fare-required to swear allegiance to the United

Turning to the band, he cried, "Forward men, up the ridge!"

The attacking Confederates consisted of

Partisan Rangers.

A Captain, coming up and finding Mrs.

Harding engaged in bandaging the arm of a fair young girl, demanded to know why they were there and the whereabouts of

as he called them.
"They are gone," said Mrs. Harding.
"However, having captured two women, one of them wounded, your foray has not been altogether fruitless."

Some of the men then explained that they had fired in reply to shots coming

from up the mountain, they supposing, of overwh course, that they had encountered the ing his bushwhackers. In the distance they had latter.

not noted the presence of a woman.

A Surgeon now came 'crward and re spectfully offered his services. Having carefully examined and dressed the wound

he said it was by no means serious, but that it would be the cause of much discomfort, and for that and other reasons, he advised the removal of the maiden to her home as soon as possible.

One of the "Rangers," known to Mrs.

Harding, inquired: "Did Uncle Jimmy

Todd, of White Oak Lick, have any connection with the bushwhackers?" Smiling, Mrs. Harding replied: "Well,

whackers, some days ago, commanding them to keep out of his way." "And did they move out of Uncle Jimmy's way? "They certainly did. No one who knows

"They certainly did. No one who knows Uncle Jimmy wants to get in his way."
"You remember, Serg't Melville," continued Mrs. Harding, "that Uncle Jimmy marked one of your 'Rangers' by shooting off a piece of his ear, and then sent word to Capt. McNeil that if any of his men at-tempted to pass through his dominion of White Oak Lick, they would lose their

White Oak Lick, they would lose their lives instead of fragments of their ears."

A handsome officer, commandant of the expedition, happening along, was much amused at the colloquy between Mrs. Harding and the Sergeant Laughingly he said: "Sergeant, I think that will do. The lady is too much for you." Then, turning to Mrs. Harding, he courteously said: "Please do not pay any further attention to the Sergeant, Madam. I regret exceed
Store." Melton and Harding had employto the Sergeant, Madam. I regret exceedto the Sergeant, Madam. I regret exceedingly that your daughter is wounded. The ed an oratorial auctioneer to dispose of

parting shot at Melville. "Sergeant, look out for spooks! Keep a sharp eye on Uncle Jimmy Todd and de not lose your Staunton, and early on the following morn-

UNCLE JIMMY REAPPEARS.

Returning from Cumberland, whence he had safely conducted the refugees, Uncle Jimmy Todd, traveling his regular route, came to Spook's Cavern just in time to see the Confederate soldiers disappearing down the mountain. Looking about him, he said to his sons: "I think the rebels have wiped out the bushwhackers, or, perhaps, they slipped out. I hope Harding is safe, and that the women, who had no business here, had gone home before the fight, if there was a fight. But we had no use for the others. What do you say, boys?"

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

"So that is the belle of the season! What a fragile little creature."

"Well, you would be surprised to see by boys?"

In just one week after the home coming, George Melton and Sue Harding were duly married. It was a typical old Virginia wedding-music and dancing and much good cheer, for there

"Still lingered in our Southern clime, Some remnants of the good old time."

Sue Harding, radiantly happy, was the cynosure of all eyes. Border chieftains and patricians from the great Shenandoah Valley and hardy mountaineers came in throngs to render homage to the young woman, the fame of whose beauty and adventures had gone abroad in the two Vir-

Uncle Jimmy Todd, still "commanding," no detail escaping his sharp eyes, moved bither and thither, nodding approvingly to the dancers of the Virginia reel, and smil-"No, Pap, no use whatever."

Just then there came a voice from the cavern: "Hello, Uncle Jimmy! I'm awing upon the various groups

"That mixed sobriety with wine, And honest mirth with thoughts divine. The occasion was "colored" by the presence of the ubiquitous "darky," without whom no Virginia festival was complete. "Black Sam" had come with "Marsa Todd," and, picking the banjo, sang:

"Oh, listen to dis good old tune, An' den I'll sing an-odder, Ole Marsa gwan dis arternoon, To call upon his brudder, So darkies wait a little while,

Till he gits out o' sight. We'll drop de shovel an' de hoe Au' have a little dance tonight."

"Marsa Todd" ordered up a glass of



"THE HEROINE DREW HER REVOLVER AND FIRED."

shown to a Federal officer or soldier. Before starting I will give you full instructions. You must do as I say."

"Yes," said Harding, "I shall do precisely
as you command. It is the very thing
for me to do, and I am glad of the opprotunity"

portunity.

Harding then told the story of Melton, to which Uncle Jimmy listened with great Without noteworthy adventure Harding proceeded to his home, while Uncle Jimmy hurried to White Oak Lick where, as he had anticipated, he found seven refugees concealed in a little valley, near Bald Mountain. As usual the refugees were

impatient to proceed northward. HARDING ON REFUGEE'S LINE. Early on the morning following his interview with Uncle Jimmy, Harding pre-sented himself at White Oak Lick. Hay-The bushwhacker Chieftain, however, acted promptly. Seeing at a glance that resistance would be useless, he ordered a retreat. Turning to Harding he said:

"Lieutenant, you remain here. Hide yourself in the secret cave, with a thick you are familiar. Your wife and daughter will with the refreshed for the secret cave, with a thick you are familiar. Your wife and daughter will was a Fadaral garrison. He and his party was a Fadaral garrison.

States Government.

In glancing over the list of late arrivals, Harding joyfully found the entry: "George Melton, Wilmington, N. C., merchant."

ed Melton, and had heard him mention
Harding's name in connection with his
escape through the Confederate lines.

Harding had left \$200, of the message in the confederate lines.

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Harding had left \$200, of the message in "said the said the Shining Shore. When this pioneer prospector had been there a long, long while, another miner knocked for admission.

"You can't come in "said the Shining Shore." infantry, about 150 strong, and McNeil's cived from Melton, with his wife, retainbushwhackers, or rather, the robbers,

him \$50 in gold.

Anxious to join Melton, Harding left his refugees at New Creek Station, and went by train to Cumberland, where, without difficulty, he found his Masonic friend, who overwhelmed him with inquiries concern-

ing his wife and daughter-especially the A PARTNERSHIP.

The two brothers Masons and refugees concluded to go into business at Cumber-

land, and within 10 days they opened a handsome, commodious store the sign above the door reading: MELTON & HARDING,

Family Groceries.

Melton was an experienced merchant and Harding soon became as expert in wrapping up sugar and coffee as he had

been in hunting deer and shooting at rebels. So great was their prosperity that Uncle Jimmy sent a message to the bush-whackers, some days ago, commanding them to keep out of his way."

they soon became known as the "rich refugees," and their place of business as the "l'efugee Store." Ha ding had frequent opportunities t

intere ange letters with his home people Uncl. Jimmy Todd continuing his period cal trips along "Refugee's Line." GOING HOME.

"Hope was ever on her mountain watching till the day begun, Crowned with sunlight over darkness from the still unrisen sun.'

The exiles from home, sweet home, were

Surgeon informs me, however, that the wound is slight. I advise you, therefore to take her home. Please command me for any assistance you may need."

They were going home.

Gen. Cadwallader marched from Winchester up the Valley to Staunton. Following his rear was a handsome covered ssistance you may need."

Being called away, the officer sent a wagon drawn by two spirited horses, and Staunton, and early on the following morning they were rapidly speeding toward White Oak Lick. Uncle Jimmy proffered

> ly the blissful reunion in the Harding home. I draw the curtain between the reader and the sacred scene.

serve you anywhere, night or day, when egg-nog and some fried chicken for the banjoist, which inspired him to sing some more:

"De moonlight night is shiny bright, Jes like a nigga's eyes, But dark nights is the bes' to git De chickens, fryin' size.

A MESSAGE FROM A FAR COUNTRY. Some six months after the Confederate armies had disappeared forever, Sam Harding received a letter from Quebec, Dominion of Canada:
"I send greeting. Doubtless Melton and

"I send greeting. Pounties aleiton and your fascinating daughter are happily married. When they first met, in Spook's Cavern, I noted and understood the sign language of their love-lit eyes. Amused, and yet pleased, I knew it was a case of an account of the lower they are the lower than the Government of the United States.

States and the Government of the United which was known as Nemacolin's Path. It also contains the first chapter of the Old French War. South, responded nobly to the call of the Polhamus, late of the 2d Ohio Cav.

'love at first sight.'

The Prospector in Paradise. (Lippincott's.)

This story was related to me in Alaska, which is a land of colossal liars: A miner died a natural death and went straightway to his reward. He was no teo first Tronnduyker to die a natural death, but he was, so far as the narrator. had been able to ascertain, the only one to land with his outfit on the Shining

Harding had left \$200, of the money received from Melton, with his wife, retaining \$100 for his own needs. The refugees a corner suddenly on the way to choir had paid him \$200 for his services in conducting them thither, one of them paying hole. Besides, he is ever dissatisfied. No

matter how good the claim, he will abandon it and go grubbing in another place.

No, you can't come in."

"Now, see here, Pete," said the applicant, "I'm no parachut; jumper, an' I don't want to take no chances on a long drop. You let me in, and I'll not only agree to work myself, but I'll undertake to git

that duck out o' these diggin's inside of an hour. You don't know me. I'm a miner all right, but I don't do no work. I'm the walkin' boss-see."
"All right," said Peter, turning the key

The new-comer peered down the shaft where the restless prospector was working and coughed. He picked up a pearl and let it fall on the miner's wing, and the miner looked up. "What have you got?" asked the man at the top.

"Four walls of solid gold," replied the "How long have you been on the creek that is, in the camp?" 'Bout a hundred years, I judge.'

"Say," said the walking boss, crouching close to the shaft and shading his mouth with one hand, "have you heard of the new diggin's in Hades?" -what's it like?"

"Well, I've seen them bottling the pure quill—just dipping it up in the ravines and passing it through a funnel and carry-ing it away to cool. It's a hot country,

"Are you a miner?"

"Is that straight goods you are giving "It is, oh benighted brother, and I could say more, only my time here is limited."
In precisely 38 minutes from the advent of the new-comer the prospector was out and the walking boss had jumped his

Taken Orders.

(Lippincotts).

When Miss Lucy wanted particularly fine chickens, she always drove over to see old Aunt Etta, who had a scrap of a farm and made a specialty of raising chickens for the quality folks. One day, as the lady stopped in front of the cabin, Aunt Etta came out and

ung over the gate.
"Chickens!" she exclaimed in answer to White Oak Lick. Uncle Jimmy proflered unbounded hospitality, but they would not tarry. "Home, Sweet Home," was the song in Harding's heart. That same home was Melton's "Mecca," too. His shrine of worship was there.

I have no language to describe adequate the bliesful remion in the Harding the bliesful remion in the Harding

At the Ball.

Nashville Americanie Nov. 2, 1902, is an article headed "Wus It Rebellion?" in which the writer, after a long disquisi-tion on the conditions before the war—the Missouri Compromise; the Clay Compro-000 in her little tent restaurant. The Missouri Compromise the Clay Compromise, and the Dredistott Decision, says: "The Supreme Couff was a failure as an arbiter. It decided in the South's favor. The election of Lincoln showed the electorate was a failure as an arbiter. It had decided in the North's favor. Is the aggressor in a fight he who strikes the first blow, or he who makes the first blow blow, or he who makes the first blow necessary? The greatest war of modern times, if not in the world's history, was not a rebellion. The civil war, or better, 'the war between the States,' was not a rebellion, for two reasons: First, because of the significance attached to the word by the Northern people immediately subsequent to the war, * * * which was so nearly successful for the Southern people that the platform on which Gen. McCicilan ran against Lincoln, in 1864, declared the war a failure. * * * This is a sufficient reason to prevent the use of the word. For this, and because of the second reason, that it was not a rebellion, the money to go there and get the necessecond reason, that it was not a rebellion, the word, as applied to the civil war is obsolete, save by the ignorant or preju-

THE GREAT WAR.

Was It a Rebellion, or Was It a "War Be-tween the States"?

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the

diced.

"In the first place, what is rebellion? Webster says: 'It is an open and avowed renunciation of the authority of the government to which one owes allegiance, or the taking of arms traitorously to resist the authority of lawful government."

Now as to the frace. Webster says: 'Soon I had to get assistants to half.'

Soon I had to get assistants to half.'

Soon I had to get assistants to half.'

"At that time Nome consisted of miles of the Supreme Court of the United States when a change occurs in the sovereignty of such territory have the right to elect whether they will retain their original nationality or adopt that of the new sovereignty; that this right was recognized in the treaty coding the Drive. or the taking of arms traitorously to resist the authority of lawful government."

Now as to the facts: Were not the Southern States a part of the United States of North America? Was not the Stars and Stripes their flag as much as any ones? Was not the flag carried to victory on many a bloody field by Washington and Jackson, and that which waved over Sumter the flag of their own Car.

first had all the custom I could 'tend to.

"Soon I had to get assistants to help serve and keep the cash, but the frying of the doughnuts I trusted to no hands but my own. If the frying isn't done in lard actually at boiling heat a doughnut, however well made or of whatever good material, will be soggy and tough. And I wanted my standard kept up. over Sumter, the flag of their own Gov-ernment? And were not Maj. Anderson with my gains before I had time to be allegiance?

Was not the act of secession "an open and avowed renunciation of the authority" of their own lawful Government? And was not the firing on that fort, and on that flag, and on the brave men defending the manner of the adventures and difficulty that the adventure are the adventure and the act of the act ously to resist the authority of lawful Government?"

I don't blame any American who ever oined in a war against this grand Republic for being ashamed of it, or for want-ing to give the act some different name, but the trouble is, "An onion by any other name would be an onion still." The writer asks: "Is the aggressor in

The writer asks: "Is the aggressor in a fight he who strikes the first blow, or he who makes the first blow necessary?" In this case they were one and the same individuals, for there was no reason for Countess herself. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. his followers. Every question at issue could have been settled much easier and cheaper without that "first blow" or any subsequent blow. But the fact remains that the first blow was struck by the firing on a fort belowing to the United States Government, garrisoned by soldiers of the Government, with the starry emblem of the Government waving over them. This was "an act of rebellion," though the name may seem harsh.

There is a big mistake made by many writers and speakers in speaking of the ate war.

They call it a war between the States. but it was not "a war letween the States"

in any sense whatever. It was a war between the people of a few States and the Government of the

"Between you and Melton, with your Maine instead of South Carolina, that Masonry, I lost a big 'roll,' but I forgive grand army of loyal men would have marched through the South they did through the South

It could not be "a war between the States," for the reason that in nearly every Southern State were many noble brave, and true men who stood lovally by the flag, leaving home and families, helped nobly to fight the battles of their loved country. Tennessee furnished the Gov-ernment over 30,000 as loyal, brave, and true soldiers as ever carried a gun in any war.

I can't understand why they like to call it "a war between the States," un-less they think it is more honor, or less dishonor, to be forced into line by individual States, than by the Government of all

was it that compelled Tennessee, as a C. H. State, to lay down her arms, and dis-lives. band her grayclad army? And did Geor-gia, or South Carolina, or Alabama, or Texas have to surrender to some Northern

State? The idea is absurd. If the thought that they fought with and surrendered to the army of the United States is distasteful to them, I would think it would be many times more so ton, the French Embassadress to the think it would be many times more so ton, the Frence for them to think they had lost out in a fight with individual States of the North.

The complete In a war between "sovereign States" the vanquished are made to pay indemnity in territory, money, or both, as in the Franco-German war, or as was the case in our wars with Mexico and with Spain. There was nothing of the kind asked, or thought of, at the end of the civil war. All the Government asked was that they lay down their arms and submit to the authority of the United States. And when Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant, that noble American general said: "Let the men take their horses home with them. They will need them to put in their crops.' That was not the act of a conqueror from some sovereign or foreign State!

ship in the future.

If the Governor of Yermont had mar-shaled the armies of his State and invaded the State of Tennessee to liberate her slaves, or for any other purpose, the United States army would have protected Tennessee against the Vermonters. They could not help interfering in such a case, for that would be an unlawful invasion of

another State. But I think the American soldiers, North and South, are the best soldiers. North and South, are the best soldiers that ever fought on land or sea. They have never been conquered by any but Americans, and though a portion of them made a bad mistake, some 40 years ago, the best thing we can do is to "let the dead past bury its dead," and be as brothers. Though we cannot undo what has been done let us root quarral over the been done, let us not quarrel over the name of the "late unpleasantness," but march on, shoulder to shoulder, in the arts, sciences, and commerce, if need be in war, and the rest of the world will look on and wonder at our progress, and they will all go around the other way rather than meet and clash swords with our in-vincible citizen soldiers.—John W. Hart-LEY, Co. H, 8th Kans., Nashville, Tenn.

Had the Laugh First.

FRIED HER WAY TO FORTUNE. Woman Who Owes Her Start to Doughnuts Made in Alaska.

(New York Sun.) One of the most successful New York business women got the money to start her enterprise by making doughnuts at

doughnuts sold for 25 cents apiece with a cup of coffee thrown in.

Part of this \$10,000 judiciously invested formed the nucleus for her present profitable business of cleaner and dyer of women's fine wearing apparel. She has expert foremen to attend to the factory part pert foremen to attend to the factory part of the work and runs two shops.
"I had the gold fever when I went to

the money to go there and get the neces-sary tent, stove and other furnishings for

and his troops a part of the army of their own Government, the Government to which Jeff Davis and Lee and all the leaders of the rebellion had often sworn a permanent home."

A true story of the adventures and diffiat true story of the adventures and dim-culties of Troop A, 5th U. S. Cav., and part of the Ind-pendent Regular Brigade commanded by Gen. Theodore Schwan, which did such good work in Porto Rico. As no newspaper correspondents accom-panied the brigade, most of the highly interesting matter contained in this book is

This is the story of a wealthy Ameriin girl who foolishly married a famous ount. These letters give in detail her venrnings for her American home and riends when it was too late.

IN THE LAND OF FANCY AND OTHER POEMS. By Libbie C. Baer. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Mrs. Baer is a relative of the well-nown poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and her poems plainly show that she has her share of the family poetic genius. Be-sides being a successful authoress, she is an active member of the Woman's Relief

THE KING OF UNADILLA. By Howard R. Garis. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

Few States and the Government of the United States. There was no quarrel between Kansas and Teanessee, Wisconsin and Florida, or Iowa and Georgia, or any other set of States, as States.

The quarrel was between the people who were trying to set up a separate Government within the domain of the United States and the Government of the United States.

A very bright, amusing little book. HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA. Vol. HI. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Cleveland, Ohio; The Arthur H. Clark Company.

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A very bright, amusing little book. HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA. Vol. HI. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Cleveland, Ohio; The Arthur H. Clark Company.

Cleveland, Ohio: The Imperial Press. This little poem describing the Battle of Cedar Creek was written at the request of some Grand Army comrades at the time of the National Encampment at Cleveland. It brings very vividly before memorable 19th of October, 1864.

THE NEGRO IN REVELATION, IN HISTORY AND IN CITIZENSHIP. By Rev. J. J. Pipkin, with introduction by Gen. John B. Gordon, Major General, C. S. A.; Governor of Georgia. St. Louis, Mo.: N. D. Thompson Publishing Company.

The author of this remarkably interest ing, instructive book is a Southern man, raised among all the influences prejudicial to the negro. It is not a work of theories on the race question, but a record of what What State did Ohio, as a State, fight his freedom. It contains pictures of many with and conquer; or Iowa, or Maine, or of the most successful of these, such as Indiana, or Minnesota? Or what State W. H. Council, Booker Washington, Rev. C. H. Parrish, etc., with sketches of their

Magazines and Notes.

Scribner's for February opens with an article on "Picturesque Milan," by that clever writer, Mrs. Edith Wharton. This

The complete novel in February Lippin-cott's is "A Man of His Word," by Alice Duer Miller. There are nine other short

In McClure's Magazine for February, Miss Ida M. Tarbell continues her story of the Standard Oil Company, which began in the December number and which is being read with so much interest by the public. The other contribution uite up to the standard of this popular monthly.

The Cosmopolitan for February is full of good reading and attractive illustra-

Review of Reviews for February gives from some sovereign or loreign State; He had only reestablished the authority of the United States Government on its own territory. There was nothing asked of them, only loyalty and good citizennew French Ambassador; Lady Lelia Herbert, and the Barroness Von Sternberg, wife of the new German Ambassa-

> The New England Magazine for Fel ruary contains an article of general inter-est in a description of the Wadsworth-Longfellow House in Portland, where the poet was born. This house has been open to the public for two seasons, and visited by more than 9,000 people.

What a Drunkard Sees.

The "snakes" seen by victims of deli-rium tremens have been made visible to French oculists in some recent experi-ments. The opthalmascope was used to examine the eyes of sixteen alcoholic pa-tients, when it was found that the minute blood vessels in the retina were congested, and in this condition these gently moving objects would be projected in the field of vision as something very much like black, squirming serpents.

MUSTERED OUT.

\$20 A WEEK Straight anlary and ex-penses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Mixture in country, year's con-tract; weekly pay. Address, with stamp, Monarch Mfg. Co., Box 1183, Springfield, Ill. BROWN.—At Sound, Me., Dec. 12, 1902. Albert L. Brown, Co. G. 8th Me., aged 61. Enlisted Sept. 7, 1861; veteranized Winter of 1864; mustered out in February, 1888. A widow, three sons and four daughters survive. FLETCHER.—At 846fe Hospital, Wis., Oct. 22, 1902. Herbert Fletcher, Co. C., 96fh Pa., aged 64. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. HARPER.—In Harrison Township, Benton Co., Jowa, Capt. Alexander Harper, Co. D., 8th Iowa. He was buried by Geddis Regiment, No. 8, Division of Iowa, U.V.U., of Vinion, Iowa.
LAWRENCE.—At Marinette, Wis., Sept. 15, 1902, C. J. Lawrence, Co. H. 12th Wis. aged 78. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis., PAPP.—At Peshlizo, Wis., Jan. 26, Wm. Papp, Co. P. 29th Wis., aged 78. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. (London Answers).

An old gentleman was walking down one of the streets in Manchester when he saw a boy crying outside a house, and, thinking he might comfort him, he asked him what was the matter.

"Father's laying the c-carpet down."

"Well, and does that unpleasant task at make you cry?"

"No—no; h-he h-hit his thumb."

"Oh! You are sorry for your father, I suppose?"

I suppose?"

I slaughed."

I suppose?"

An old gentleman was walking down member of Post 207, marinette, Wis. Sept. 18, 1902, C. J. Lawrence, Co. H. 12th Wis. aged 78. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. PAPP.—At Peshtigo, Wis., Jan. 25, Wm. Papp. Co. P. Sept. 18, 1902, C. J. T. Lawrence, Co. H. 12th Wis. aged 78. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, Geo. W. Thoms, Co. B, 11th Pa, aged 76. He was a member of Post 207, Marinette, Wis. Dec. 8, 1902, G

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that Opisso could not make this declaration in the form provided by the treaty, be

cause he was a minor and could not dur-ing his infancy make a binding election,

and that when he attained the age of ma-jority the time limited in the treaty had

expired, and that he could make such election after becoming of age, for otherwise he would be debarred of it altogether, and

that the facts in the present case showed that Mr. Opisso had elected to retain his

Spanish nationality and that therefore he was now an alien and could therefore be-

ome a citizen of the United States.

Taking this view, the court found it un-

necessary to go into the question of the citizenship or nationality of the native in-

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We think very tew officers were properly paid.

poor fellow was worse off than the man without a country, because he was very anxious to become a citizen of something, and the law wouldn't let him, but he kept cers (or her helrs) who (i) were not paid for recruiting cers (or her or for services rendered notes to muster in cers (or their heirs) who (1) were not paid for recruiting services, or for services rendered prior to muster int (2) who were denied bounty by reason of promotion; sawing wood and saying a whole lot, and has now been declared a citizen of Spain, and he will at once renounce allegiance to (3) who were dismissed from the service; (4) who were the boy King, and become a subject of the boy President.

denied travel pay by reason of resignation for personal reasons or convenience; (5) who were not mustered The case is so peculiar that it may be ber, and (6) who tost U. S. pay by reason of State pay-

of interest to go into it a little more fully. The court held that under the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States the United States, which gave the Span-ish citizens residing there the right to re-tain their Spanish citizenship by making a declaration within a year from the ex-change of the ratifications of the treaty;

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